

## BLACK

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I'm what they call a 'base bunny' - a married woman living on an Army base who fucks every cock in khaki. It started a couple of years ago, when a platoon of sweaty young Marines screwed me silly in the bushes.

My husband is a General, his main duty to inspect bases all over the country to make sure they measure up. He's a good-looking man, earns a good salary, and treats me right. But I'm twenty years his junior, a trophy wife with big fake tits and a very real and insatiable sexual appetite. I was a nymphomaniac before I married Clyde, and being around so many young, hung, hardmuscled men on a daily basis has turned me into a raging and unrepentant sexaholic. It's always DefCunt 1, in my panties.

A week after our honeymoon (in Guam!), Clayton was called out to inspect a base on the west coast, and I tagged along. I'd been faithful that entire first two weeks of our marriage. But as I was strolling along a path in the woods that surrounded the base, I was almost run down by that roque platoon of Marines, and I went on to break our marriage vows with a bang – a gang-bang. I'd gone about half-a-mile along the cedar chip path in the forest, when I suddenly heard heavy tromping, heavy breathing coming from up around the corner of the path. And then the Marines burst into view, all thirty studly guys, running straight at me, using the Army grounds and its obstacle course for their own training. They were wearing just white shorts and green t-shirts, tight to their bodies, their muscular limbs and handsome young faces sweat-sheened with exertion.

They barreled up to me and then jogged on



## THE MARINES HAVE LANDED

the spot, chanting, "She's got legs, she's got tits; how I'd like a piece of it!"

Their voices and bodies bowled me over, made my pussy brim with excitement. I spontaneously beckoned them off the beaten track and into the bushes with a sexy smile and a curled finger.

I just couldn't help myself – that much panting cock presented all at once was too much to turn down.

We found a clearing in the trees. I stripped off my white crop-top and pink thong shorts, wriggling my tight top up over my big breasts, wiggling my tight shorts down over my bountiful butt cheeks. The guys loved what they saw, saluting me with their stiff cocks.

I went down to my knees in the grass, and they encircled me with their pricks. I gripped two straining dongs, sucked up another one, tugged wantonly on all three. I consumed almost the entire steely length of a buzzcut blonde and bobbed my head back and forth, sucking on his cock while

I pumped my hands up and down on the two other young pricks in rhythm. I moved around, taking on cock after cock, blowing with my drooling mouth, jacking with my sweating hands. Pink dicks, black dicks, brown dicks; these Marines were packing heavy artillery, this slut an easy target to hit and stick.

A hulking redhead suddenly grunted and popped off right in my mouth, unable to control himself. I instantly dropped the other two cocks I'd been jerking and squeezed the guy's hanging balls, noosed and pumped his shaft with two fingers, milking him, swallowing every spasming spurt he shot into me. Impressing the platoon of hunks even more.

But I wanted the rest of the soldiers to hold their fire for my pussy. So when I'd drained the redheaded warrior dry, I spat out his empty rod and flopped down on my back in the grass.

I groped my jugs, fingered my nipples, glaring up at the glistening dongs and daring them to plug me where it really counts. A big, black Marine was the first to land on my strip-shaved cunt, driving his sword between my swollen lips and deep into my velvet tunnel

We groaned. He fell over top of me, gripping my tits and fucking my cunt. I grabbed onto his giant, pumping butt, and he yelled in my face and shot off in my pussy.

These guys were trigger-happy, too many nights spent in the barracks.

I got four of them to hold me up in the air by the limbs, my arms and legs spread, pussy oozing cum. They banged me in rotation, one stepping up and shafting my tunnel, humping me quick and hard, blazing jizz inside of me. As two others fed me cock in the face and felt up my tits. Rapidly replaced by other men, another man reaming and sperming my cunt.



I frantically sucked on cock mouth and pussy, held up in the air by the men and my utter bliss, my blonde hair streaming, body bathed in perspiration. Marine after Marine breached my burning loins, pumped me hard and heavy and full.

A cock smacked my slit, then sluiced back and forth over my slathered lips, getting lubed by my juices and their jism. And then I almost choked on the licorice dong I was sucking, as I felt the meaty cap of that other cock hit my one hole and dive lower, squish up against my browneye, barge through.

I craned my neck and stared at the tall, dark and handsome enlisted Hispanic. He grinned at me, shoving his dong all the way up my shimmering anus. He churned my chute only ten or twelve times, before blasting searing seed into my ass. But he blazed the tail for more to come.

Men fucked my face, my pussy, my butt; vigorously pistoning every hole, flooding them with hot, salty semen. I gulped with my mouth and cunt and ass, coming almost as many times as that platoon of men, taking all of that urgently thrusting meat and getting off on it; squirting, screaming, blazing with lust.

I almost felt bad for my husband. Being in the Army, he hates the Marines. But I felt so wickedly, wildly good with all of that serviceman cock plowing me, that the General simply faded away from my mind like the old soldier he is.

- Charlotte Remple

## MasTubation

've always liked my roommate's boyfriend. Chris is tall and lean, with soft blonde hair and warm brown eyes, a deep-brown tan.

And when he stayed over with us one weekend, I got to like him a whole lot more.

Ellen had gone out to pick up some groceries for dinner, while Chris had gone into the bathroom to 'clean up' after helping us girls clear out our storage locker down in the basement of our apartment building. But, as I found out when I peeked around the edge of the bathroom door, what the pretty boy was doing was anything but clean; downright dirty, was more like it.

He was stretched out in the tub with the water up to his chin, and his cock stretched out in his hand. He was masturbating, stroking up and down his smooth, glistening erection with an expert motion. The water rippled over his beautiful body, soapsuds greasing the erotic hand-action on his upthrust prick.

I felt a tingling deep down in my pussy, watching the boy jack himself. He was totally immersed in the process, his eyes fixed on his hand gliding along his prong, his other hand swimming around on his hairless chest, pinching and pulling his tan, taut nipples.

I started replicating his deliciously naughty idea, sliding one hand up into my top, other hand down into my shorts. I touched tit and clit at the same time, had to bite my lip to contain my gasp of pleasure. Cupping and squeezing my left breast, rubbing my muff, I watched Chris stroke his meaty prong.

It was wild, wicked, wonderful almost as



the real thing — me feeling myself up while the guy fisted himself up and down. His hand moved faster and faster on his pipe, polishing the gleaming shaft, almost pulling the shiny hood right off. I kept erotic pace, buffing my brimming button, pinching and rolling my buzzing nipple.

Chris gritted his teeth and really tugged, arching his bum up off the bottom of the tub. I hooked two fingers into my slit and

pumped, brushing my clit with my thumb, kneading my tit like it was hot, firm dough. We were driving ourselves inexorably to ecstasy, the guy about to spout off, me about to drench myself. I couldn't let the opportunity pass with just a jack and jill contest.

I slipped inside the bathroom, anxious to give the lovely guy another hand.

He didn't even notice me at first, so absorbed was he in jerking off. I was literally standing right next to the tub, staring down at his rippling form and rock-hard erection. Then he just looked up at me and smiled, like he'd been expecting me all along.

"Got kind of excited working so closely with you girls this afternoon," he said by way of explanation, hand bobbing up and down his shaft.

"Mmm," I responded. "So I see."

I popped my shorts open and slid them down, along with my panties. The panties were just about as wet as Chris. I stepped out of the garments in my long, bare legs and shaven pussy and sat down on the edge of the tub. Then I reached out and gripped Chris' cock.

He arched up out of the water, his prick gliding between my encircling fingers, along my warm, soft palm. "Yes!" he groaned.

I could feel his hot, pulsing excitement, as I slid my hand back and forth on his shaft, swirled my fingers all around his hood. He stared at my legs, in between. I lifted a leg and dipped a bare foot into the bathwater, between his legs, so that I was straddling the edge of the tub with my slit on display. Chris' right arm emerged out of the water, and his fingers touched up against my swollen twat lips. I groaned, pumping him harder, faster, really corkscrewing my gripping hand on his towering dong. He rubbed my slit, his searching fingers finding my puffed-up button and brushing against it.

His naked body shone before me under the water, his cock stretching, straining in my pumping hand. "Stick your fingers inside me! Fuck me with your fingers!" I gasped, glaring down at the gorgeous guy.

Two of his slippery digits instantly pushed



into my pussy, plunging through my slickened lips and delving deep into my tingling tunnel. He went all the way in to his knuckles, and I shivered with pleasure. Then he started churning, fucking my cunt with his fingers, in rhythm to me jacking him with my hand.

We pumped faster and faster, staring at one another. His body quivered beneath the surface of the water, his cock surging still higher and harder in my frantically tugging hand; his fingers flying in my slit, pistoning me full of shimmering heat. "Yes! Sweet Jesus, yes!" he suddenly cried. His body bowed upwards on the raw edges of his orgasm, cock spasming and spurting.

Hot semen leapt out of his slit and rained

down onto my hand and wrist, as I kept on stroking hard and tight and fast. His bumping thumb found my clit, and I cried out and came with a brutal, blissful intensity, shaking uncontrollably.

"You don't feel bad about cheating on your girlfriend?" I asked him afterwards.

He shrugged in the tub, grinning wolfishly, his cum dappling the water.

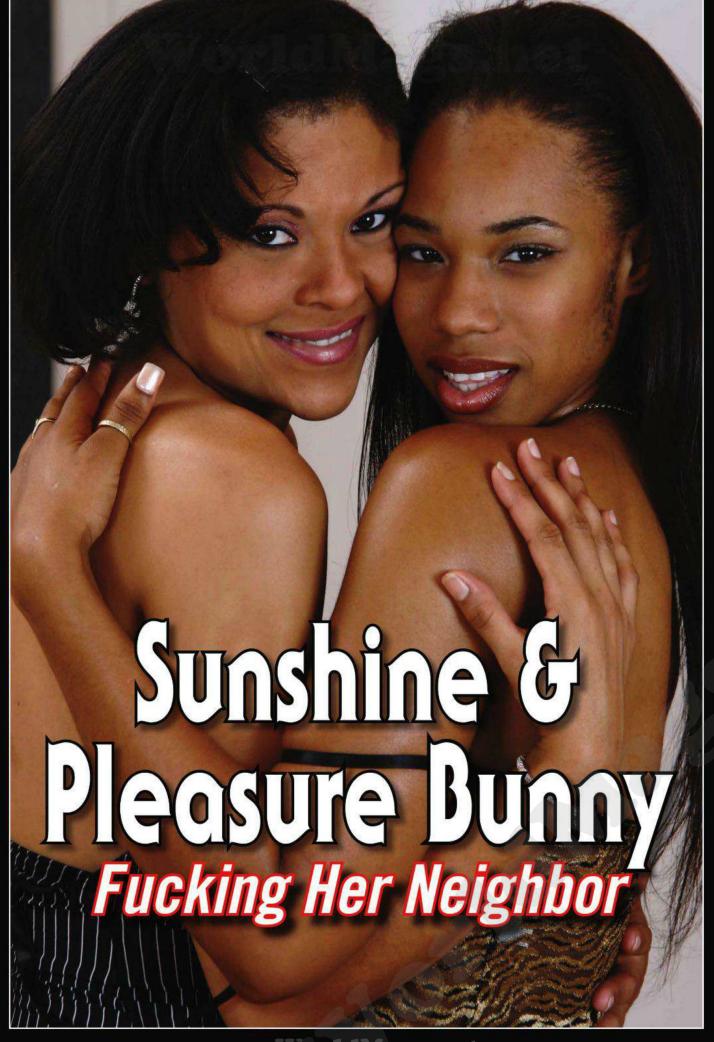
"Good," I said. "Because, actually, I really prefer girls. I've been doing Ellen the entire time she's been going out with you."

-Tricia Yearling





Pleasure Bunny had never been with another woman before. Even so, she was always curious but really shy. It took an older neighbor to get her to come out of her shell. Sunshine knew that if she wanted to bed this little mynx, she had to play it really slow. She started hanging out with her, asking her about boys and fantasies and before you know it, Sunshine had her ready to experiment. One afternoon after Bunny had gotten into a fight with her boyfriend and she needed some consoling, Sunshine knew she was ripe for the picking. It was a day to remember.

















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Marie Luv was no stranger to fucking. In fact, she was quite an expert. Having had her first lover at sixteen - in the back of a Dodge truck, thank you very much - she never looked back. She was a closet nympho and the more sex she had, the more she wanted it. But Marie always had special needs, which she soon found were not that easy to fulfil. She liked older men, much older, and she liked to be ass fucked. Her dad was never around (maybe that's why she was so wild) and she needed to feel bossed around by someone with age and authority in the bedroom. And if they weren't older, they could pretend. Marie hadn't had a thorough humping in weeks and she was desperate. Lucky for her, her favorite bartender would do anything to get a piece of Marie's smoking hot body.

























































Kapri Styles had only been in the States for a week, but she didn't understand why she still hadn't had to chance to fuck someone local. She was on vacation in a new country and she wanted to try the local cuisine. She went out to bars and clubs almost every night with her best girlfriend, the one she was staying with, but only one man had caught her attention - her friend's boyfriend. She accidentally walked in on him showering one morning, at least he thought it was an accident, and when she saw his giant package, she ruined her panties with a flood of her juices. She would have fucked him right then and there but his girlfriend was just outside in the kitchen; she couldn't risk it. She had to wait until the time was right and knowing that her friend had a night class on Wednesdays, that would be just the right time.

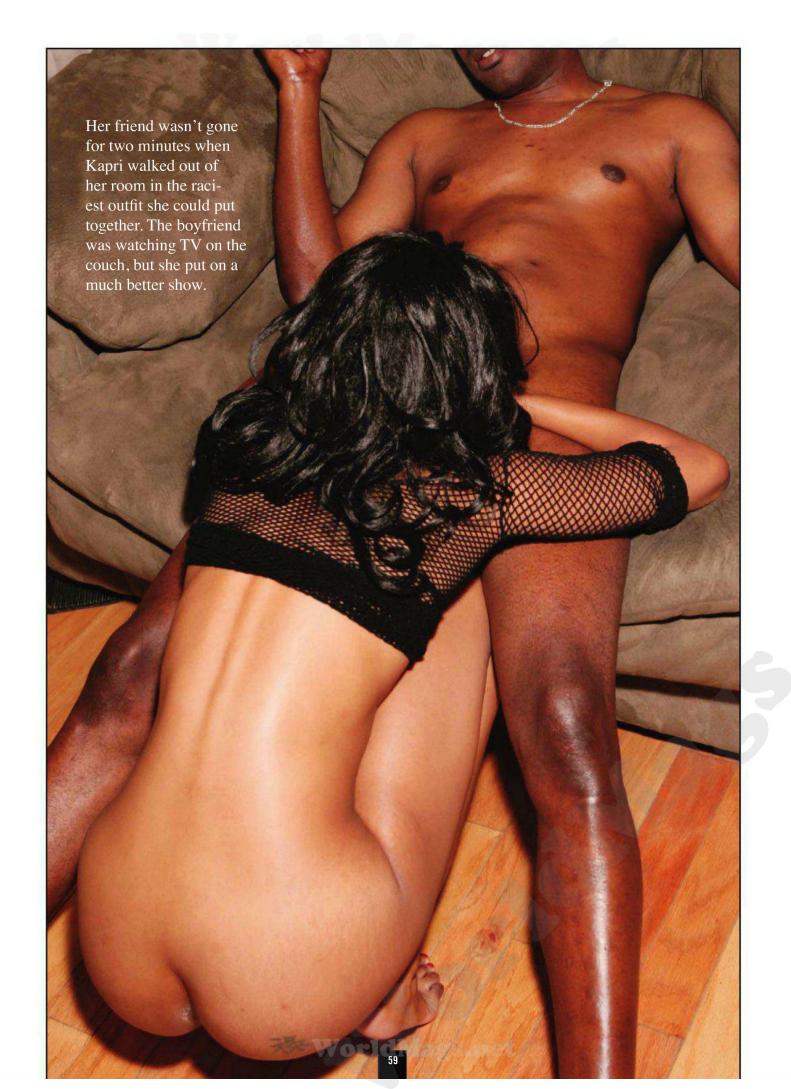












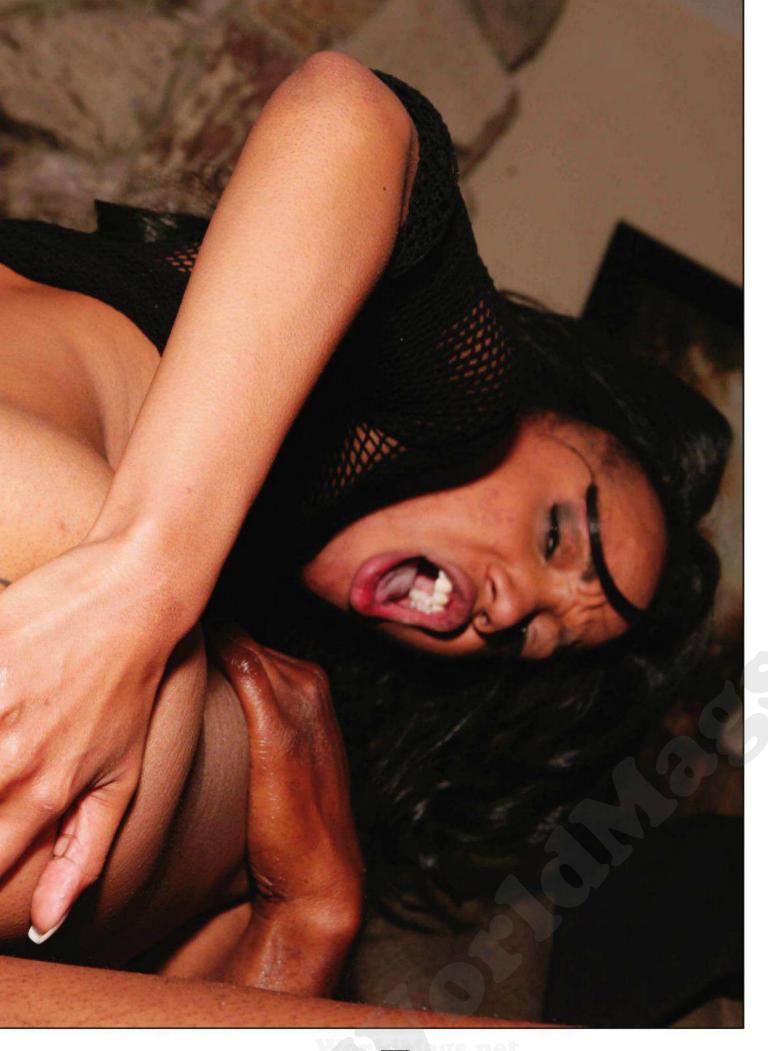














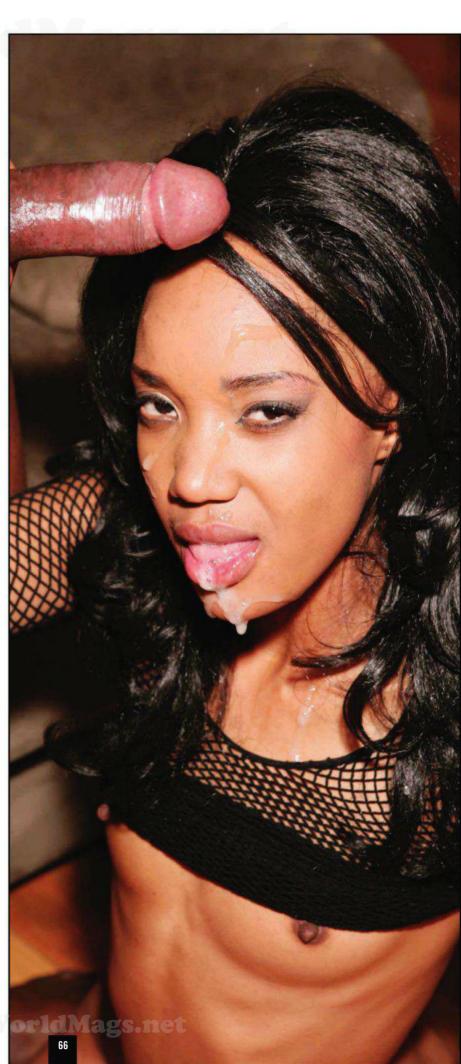








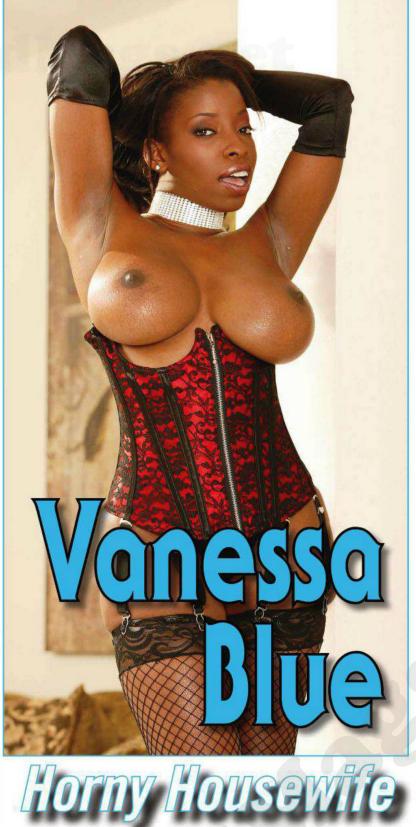








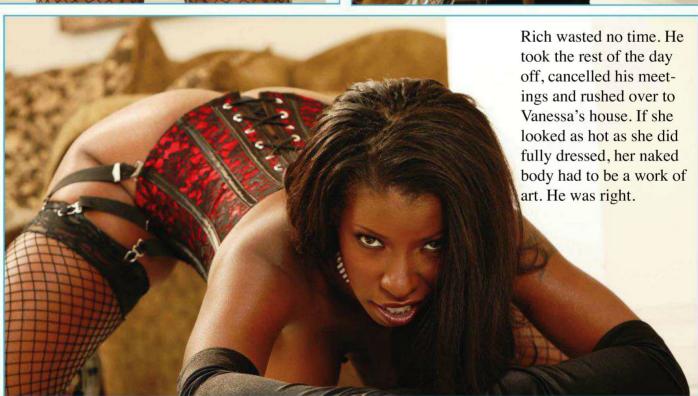




Vanessa had been a loyal housewife for over ten years. Not once had she cheated on her husband, even with all her free time and all the opportunities. She was a firecracker in the sack and she was rich, so boytoys and fuck friends weren't hard to find, but Vanessa Blue had always controlled herself. When her husband promised he would retire by the end of the year, she was over the moon. They could finally do anything they wanted, and fuck any time they needed, or she needed. Six months had passed since her husband had made the promise and he didn't seem to be in any hurry to leave his job. If he wanted it that way, she would finally start fucking someone who could fill all of her sexual needs, and holes. She called up her husband's business partner, Rich.































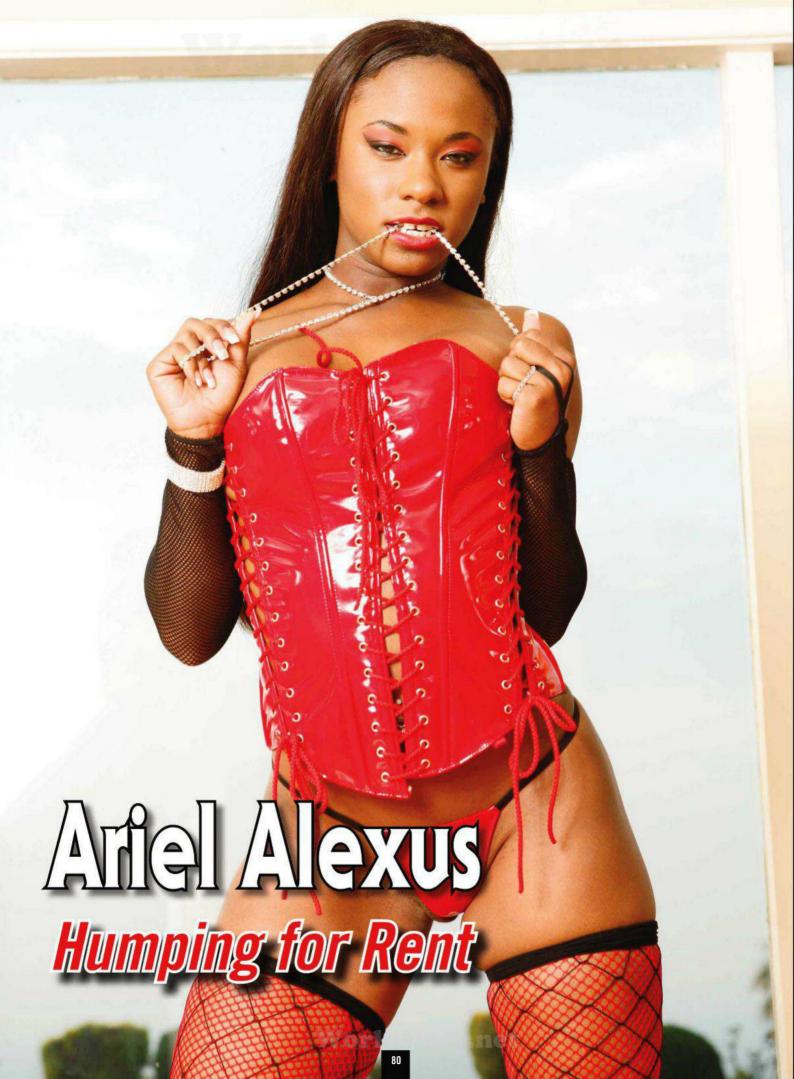


















Ariel was fucked, and not in a good way. She was broke, she had just been fired from her job for trying to bed all the employees and she had been asked to move out of her apartment because she had missed last month's payment, and her nonstop sex cries were getting too many complaints from the neighbors. She wasn't about to live on the street, and she liked her place, so she needed a plan, fast. Instead of packing, she called her landlord over and made him an offer he couldn't refuse.



























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